MR. POPE's Eſſay on Criticiſm being tranſlated into Latin Verſe [illegible] an Intention to furniſh learned Foreigners with a more intimate Knowledge of its Excellencies, the Tranſlator deſigns, by ſubmitting it ſpeedily to the Sentiments of Perſons of Literature and Taſte, to inform himſelf, whether a Tranſlation of ſome of his lateſt, and moſt generally intereſting Epiſtles, by the ſame Hand, may be thought, in any moderate Degree, conducible to ſo generous a Purpoſe. But as Latin Performances are not for the Generality of Readers; nor poetical ones to the Taſte of all the Learned, which has been ſufficiently evinc'd, by the ſmall Demand there has been for ſome late Latin Pieces of undoubted Merit; this Tranſlation will be printed, as ſoon as there ſhall be a ſufficient Subſcription to defray the Expence of the Impreſſion and Paper; which, he thinks, belongs rather to a competent Number than himſelf, after the Time and Pains it has coſt him. The Tranſlation is not only concluded, but even finiſh'd, to the beſt of his moderate Abilities, the following *Specimens* of it being ſubmitted, with the *greateſt Deference*, to Gentlemen of Erudition and Taſte.

Theſe equal Syllables alone require,	344	*Hi paribus cupiunt pedibus procedere muſam,*	344
Tho' oft the Ear the open Vowels tire;		*Auris hianti etſi vocali et ſæpe fatiſcit.*	
While Expletives their feeble Aid do join,		*Forſan opem interea dantq; expletiva puſillam,*	
And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line;		*Et multæ voces crudo uno in carmine reptant:*	
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd Chimes,		*Pergitur, æternùmq; tenore feruntur eodem,*	
With ſure Returns of ſtill expected Rhymes.		*Nec malè prævifus rhythmus fruſtraverit illos.*	
Where're you find the "cooling weſtern Breeze,"		*Linta frigiduli meminit ſi quæque Favoni,*	
In the next Line it "whiſpers thro' the Trees;"		*Oeyus ac ores, perflat ſimul arbore flores;*	
If Chryſtal Streams with "pleaſing murmurs creep,"		*Murmure fons currat quoties, et dulce ſuſurrat,*	
The Reader's threatned (not in vain) with "Sleep."		*Certius inſomnis lectorq; medebitur omnis.*	
Then, at the laſt, and only Couplet fraught		*Denique juxta imum, carmen, quaſi cuncta coronet,*	
With ſome unmeaning Thing they call a Thought,		*Futile quid turgens reputatum argutius ipſis,*	
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the Song,		*Claudit Alexandri liquidas ſub nomine pugas,*	
That, like a wounded Snake, drags its ſlow Length along.		*Saucius et veluti anguis tortu ſe tramite egrei.*	
'Tis not enough no Harſhneſs gives Offence,	364	*Aſpera nec ſatis eſt nequaquam illidere nervis,*	
The Sound muſt ſeem an Eccho to the Senſe:		*Debuit ipſe ſonus, ſonitu quaſi, reddere ſenſum.*	
Soft is the Strain when Zephyr gently blows,		*Lene fluunt numeri, leni aurâ flante Favoni,*	
And the ſmooth Stream in ſmoother Numbers flows;		*Lævis et inſtar aquæ lævifſima carmina vadunt;*	
But when loud Billows laſh the ſounding Shore,		*Fluctus ſin fremitu reſonantia litora plangant,*	
The hoarſe, rough Verſe ſhould like the Torrent roar.		*Verſus rauci iterum reſonante fragore boarent.*	
When *Ajax* ſtrives ſome Rock's vaſt Weight to throw,		*Ingens quando* Ajax *immane attollere ſaxum*	
The Line too labours, and the Words move ſlow;		*Audet, lento oneroſum eſt progreſſum ordine carmen;*	
Not ſo when ſwift *Camilla* ſcours the Plain,		*Haud ità cum ventis, fugit arva* Camilla, *relictis,*	
Flies o'er th' unbending Corn, and ſkimms along the Main.		*Vix tetigit ſegetes, neq; miſcuit æquore plantas.*	
Hear how *Timotheus'* vary'd Lays ſurprize,		*Audin'* Timothei *chordas tremuiſſe petentes,*	
And bid alternate Paſſions fall and riſe!		*Inflammant, mulcent, mærorem & gaudia fundunt!*	
While at each Change the Son of *Lybian Jove*		*Dum magicas variat fibras,* Ammone *creatus*	
Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love:		*Raptus in arma ardet, lenive liqueſcit amore:*	
Now his fierce Eyes with ſparkling Fury glow,		*Nunc furor ipſe ferox oculis ſcintillat—at eccum*	
Now Sighs ſteal out, and Tears begin to flow:		*Ora madent lacrymis; ſuſpiria pectora mittunt:*	
Perſians and *Greeks*, like turns of Nature found,		Perſas *cum* Danais *pariter natura movebat,*	
And the World's Victor ſtood ſubdu'd by Sound.		*Nec puduit mundi victorem cedere muſæ.*	
So when the faithful Pencil has deſign'd	484	*Sic penicillus ubi fidus depinxerit aptè*	484
Some bright Idea of the Maſter's Mind;		*Clarum quicquid opus, tranſcriptum ex mente Magiſtri;*	
Where a new World leaps out at his Command,		*Quo novus exiliit mundus pingentis ob artem,*	
And ready Nature waits upon his Hand;		*Dum natura manum ſequitur, et prompta ſecundat;*	
When the ripe Colours ſoften and unite,		*Ut cocti et molles tandem coiêre colores,*	
And ſweetly melt into juſt Shade and Light;		*In dulceſq; liquent miſturas lucis et umbræ;*	
When mellowing Years their full Perfection give,		*Ut perlonga dies ſummos maturet honores,*	
And each bold Figure juſt begins to live;		*Quæque figura audens et mox quaſi vivitur auris;*	
The treach'rous Colours the fair Art betray,		*Perfida deficiunt arti pigmenta venuſtæ,*	
And all the bright Creation fades away.		*Fulgentes tabent formæ, tenueſq; recedunt,*	

This Tranſlation, with a Latin Dedication prefix'd, will be printed in a well-ſiz'd Letter, on fine Paper, in large 8vo. at 1 s. 6d. Which eaſy Subſcription will be taken, at Mr. DODSLEY's in *Pall-Mall*; GEORGE's Coffee-houſe, *Temple-Bar*; and at Mr. PURSER's, Printer, in *Red-lion-court*, *Fleet-ſtreet*.

N. B. There will be but few more printed than are ſubſcrib'd for.